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DEVOTION OF FRIENDSHIP.

DEAR SIR—The description of the scenery around Glendalough, in a recent number of your Journal, recalled to my memory an instance of friendly devotion which occurred some time since, in that interesting though secluded district; and while we read with pleasure and delight, sketches of heroism and devotedness in the inhabitants of a sister island, which have been touched off with such fidelity by the pen of a late eminent writer, we should surely be disposed, in our estimate of the real merit of similar actions, performed by individuals in our own land, to overlook the cause in which they were at the time engaged. Under these feelings I enclose, for insertion in your Journal, the following lines, written shortly after the transactions to which they refer had taken place. You will readily perceive they are a juvenile production, something in the style of the "Border Ballads." With best wishes for the success of your little periodical, I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

G. D.

Dwyer and M'Alister.

A TALE OF 1798.

Of mid rebellion's blood-stained lines
The noblest deeds of honour glow,
As the fair sun the brighter shines
When storms around him darkness throw.

The outlaw in his cavern wild,
High o'er the still lake's smooth expanse,
Where rocks magnificently piled,
Conceal him from pursuers' glance,

May still possess an heart that's form'd
In brilliant honour's purest mould,
As softly by affection warmed,
As when in danger, stern and bold.

I sing M'Alister, the brave,
Whose deeds are worthy of a song;
To snatch them from oblivion's grave,
And bid them live both late and long.

M'Alister, the faithful friend
Of him who waged th' unequal war,
And led his band from end to end,
Of Wicklow's mountains, famed afar.

The golden lure was held in vain,
The price of Dwyer's devoted head;
Nor hope of pardon or of gain
An outlaw from his honour led.

Beset, pursued o'er hill and dell,
Through shady wood and rocky glen:
By murderous foes—ah! shame to tell,
For they themselves were highland-men.

From mountain-top to deepest vale,
Where caves conceal the chosen band;
Through the soft shades of dark Imaal,
They hurl the dreadful fire-brand.

An hospitable roof remote,
Where whilome dwelt Glendalough's saint;
As evening's gentle vapours float,
Received the outlaw weak and faint.

But still the staunch hounds closely press,
To find their undiscovered haunt;
And by the tracks of blood they trace
Those foes whom they could never daunt.

That blood had warmed the truest breast,
Ah! then, why was it idly shed?
It was to save their chief, distress—
The blow was aimed at Dwyer's head.

M'Alister, with fury burning,
Received instead the deadly blow;
When quickly on the foeman turning,
The gallant chieftain laid him low.

Then o'er the wild heath swiftly bore
His faint and wounded friend along,
And marked each step with trickling gore,
That on the heath-bells trembling hung.

And now within the peaceful cot,
Released from toil, as each suppose;
Refreshing rest they wearied, sought,
And stretched themselves in soft repose.

When—hark! the bugles thrilling blast
Aroused them from their slumbers sweet;
Betrayed! they cried, come now, at last
Like heroes we our death shall meet.

In crowds the kilted Scots surround
The outlaw'd rebel's calm retreat,
The cliffs with echoing shouts resound—
The valiant band for death await.

The flaming brand is tossed on high,
The crackling thatch now blazes wide—
The curling smoke ascends the sky—
The lake reflects her burning side.

The gallant band in mute despair
Around their chosen leader stand;
Resolved in death his fate to share,
And nobly perish hand in hand.

Within they feel the scorching flame,
Abroad they dread the highland ball;
The polish'd bag-net's lightning gleam—
The blazing roofs' destructive fall.

At length the solemn pause was broke.
M'Alister, in feeble tone,
His honour'd leader thus bespoke,
Whose life he prized beyond his own:

"The window which o'erhangs the deep
A friendly passage opens wide;
'Tis but the rocky crag to leap,
To meet the still lake's dimpling tide.

Then gliding o'er the silvery wave,
To reach the shore each effort bend,
Whilst I the Scottish ruffians brave,
And sell my life to save my friend.

The thund'ring volley aimed at me,
A favouring moment will obtain;
Oh, snatch that moment and be free,
Nor let your friend's death be in vain."

He said, and darted forth with speed,
Like arrow from the twanging bow;
Nor would his friend's remonstrance heed,
But rush'd to meet the deadly blow.

That instant roared the fatal peal;
Its flashes lit the mountain side;
The hero felt the leaden hail,
And like a hero nobly died.

Now forth the furious Dwyer sprung,
Along the craggy steep descent;
His valiant heart with anguish wrung—
His noble soul on vengeance bent;

Nor meanly sought his single life,
But stood exposed to Scottish view;
Resolved his death should end the strife,
Ere flames devour his faithful crew.

The Scotsmen turn to seize their prey,
And quickly take too certain aim;
Though wounded, still he stands at bay,
Until his band rush from the flame.

Then bounding o'er the rugged rock,
They safely reach the tangled wood;
Where thickest shades pursuers mock,
The grateful outlaws panting stood.

And now the pressing danger o'er,
They stretch along the blooming heath;
And each a solemn vengeance swore
To take for their companions' death.

DUBLIN:

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